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THE WORLD'S CIRCULATION FOR OCTOBER.

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Why shouldn't the Lexow Committee call Tom Platt?

The Christmas-Tree Fund is doing very nicely. It's a good thing. Help it along.

President Cleveland is docking his horses tails. Thus he adds to the "Pub. Docs." of his administration.

The Manhattan Elevated Railway Corporation has been making light of rapid transit. It would be wiser to furnish light for its cars.

If no other employment can be found for the Charity Organization's three-hundred-pounder he should be appointed on the park police and put on horseback.

Tammany got off light, after all. There were twelve tons of ballots which didn't fall on it in this city. These were the great unused.

Harrison, McKinley, Foraker, Charley Foster and Col. Ingersoll all answered to roll-call in Cleveland yesterday. Tom Reed was not present. Was he accounted for?

A Belshazzar-like warning, that of Lawyer Howe to Police Commissioners Martin and Sheehan at yesterday's meeting: "You may need counsel sooner than you think!"

Mayor Schieren, of Brooklyn will veto the Aldermanic resolution against street bands. So the gentle umptarara that the children love to listen to will continue to be heard.

A letter written by George Washington offering an office to Richard Harrison has been discovered. No such letter from President Cleveland will ever be found among the reliques of a Hill Democrat.

"Let Parkhurst talk his head off," says Platt; "he'll do it sooner or later." He can't postpone the cephalifamic feat any too long to suit some folks if he will only promise to keep his eye on Platt until then.

Montreal will try a World's Fair in 1896. She can procure useful information from Chicago on things not to do. By the way, it is announced that prize-winners at Chicago may possibly get their diplomas within another year.

"I am ready and willing to conduct any and all of the business connected with this office, so far as it is in my power to do so." Perhaps so, Col. Fellows. But isn't it possible that your powers as District-Attorney have been subject to limitations through instructions from Higher Up?

It has been frequently declared that corporations have no souls. Nobody has gone so far as to deny them the possession of nerve. Had such denial ever been made, it could hardly stand in the face of the fact that the railway companies whose property was protected by United States soldiers during the recent strike in the West are now filing bills for the transportation of the protecting troops.

Mayor-elect Strong's remarks at last evening's Chamber of Commerce banquet are quoted somewhat at length elsewhere. He is quite right in his idea that there should be good men ready to make citizenly sacrifices, if need be, to take public offices for which they are peculiarly fitted, in order to help on the work of establishing the Better New York. Undoubtedly such men will finally be found. But it cannot have been encouraging to the Mayor-elect to meet dodgers at the very start.

The practical unity of the New York press on the subject of needed municipal reforms and its effectiveness as a factor in the recent campaign have been the subject of much editorial and individual comment, not only in the city, but at points far away. Extracts from local contemporaries, printed in another column, exhibit the fact that the press of the city is united again on the subject of the Elevated Railway's inability, improve its service as it may and should, to meet the final demand for real rapid transit. It is agreed that the Company has been forced, through competition and other means, to make long-needed advances for the accommodation of its patrons. It is also agreed that, as "The Evening World" has been pointing out, a new, decent and effective means of lighting the elevated trains should be among the first of any succeeding improvements.

POOR MR. PLATT!

Dr. Parkhurst, it is announced, "will now pursue Platt as relentlessly as he did Tammany." That is bad for Mr. Platt. There is no man at present in America who comes so near being a dictator as the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst. By their confidence in his sincerity and integrity the people of New York City have endowed Dr. Parkhurst with a power that would be appalling were it probable that it could be used for base or mistaken purposes.

There is no question that, in the existing state of public sentiment, whatever Dr. Parkhurst says about matters within the peculiar jurisdiction which he has created for himself, will be indorsed and acted upon by the people of New York.

Dr. Parkhurst says that Platt is worse than Croker; that his professions of reform enthusiasm are humbug; that his real intent is to build up his own power by tricks and deals, regardless of the interests of the people; that he is a corruptionist and a rascal, and that he must be utterly crushed.

And that settles Platt.

This is a Parkhurst community at present, and whatever Parkhurst says goes. Nothing that Mr. Platt can do will stay the tide.

If this were France, in the present state of the public mind, we should have a committee of public safety, a revolutionary tribunal, and all that sort of thing, with Parkhurst for our Danton and Mr. Platt, with such a denouncer, would have to choose between emigration and decapitation.

Being in America, Mr. Platt, if he is shrewd enough, can simply lie low for a while until Dr. Parkhurst makes his grand mistake, which every dictator is sure to do sooner or later. Then he can emerge, stand on the political curbstone as the Doctor goes by on the way to the guillotine, and subsequently, perhaps, resume the practice of bossism at the old stand.

AN EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW.

Benjamin E. Hall was elected to the comparatively humble position of Alderman in the Twenty-first District at the recent election. Mr. Hall was the candidate of Good Government Club A. We commend him to the notice of Col. William L. Strong, Mayor-elect of the city.

Mr. Hall notices the fact that in the published lists of the Aldermen-elect his name appears with the affix "Rep." He does not wish that there should be any erroneous impression as to his position, and he thinks this designation of his political standing may be misleading. So he makes the public announcement that while he has always been a firm Republican, he accepted the nomination of an independent organization in the recent campaign, and placed himself squarely on a platform of non-partisanship in local affairs. "I should betray a trust," he adds, "were I to act as a partisan."

William L. Strong, Mayor-elect, you stand in precisely the same position as that occupied by Benjamin E. Hall, Alderman-elect in the Twenty-first District. You took upon yourself precisely the same obligations he assumed when you accepted your nomination. You are just as much bound in honor to observe them as he is. What more desirable reputation could you win than you would secure by following his honest and honorable example? If you should ignore your anti-machine and non-partisan pledges and put yourself in the hands of party bosses, how contemptible your conduct would appear in contrast with the frank and manly course pursued by the Alderman-elect of the Twenty-first District.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL.

The value of the transfer system introduced generally into street railroad travel by the Metropolitan Street Railway Company is shown by the fact that during the year just ended the Company's lines carried 5,306,645 transfer passengers, or persons who were carried over two lines for a single fare.

If these passengers had been compelled to pay two fares, as formerly, it would have cost them $265,332. This amount of money has been saved to the people in twelve months, and mainly to workingmen and women going to their daily toil.

Who can deny, after this exhibit, the great value of the transfer system to the industrial classes?

AN IMPORTANT WORK.

An interesting and important work to the public is the investigation now being made by the Tenement-House Commission into the condition of New York tenement-houses.

Every house in the city occupied by three or more families is classed as a tenement, and subject to the laws and regulations governing such residences. Some of them are found to be in a most wretched condition, and it is believed that the laws are very loosely enforced. It is designed that the evidence taken by the Commission shall form the basis for stricter and more efficient legislation on the subject.

Just at this time, when rapid transit seems in a fair way of accomplishment, the tenement-house question is of more than ordinary interest. The conformation of New York has led to much crowding of the poorer citizens in the lower portions of the city and along the rivers, and some of the tenement-house districts feel the evil effects. Nothing will more effectually give relief than real rapid transit roads, because they will open up for cheap residences a vast area now practically beyond reach. Meanwhile the encouragement of small parks, baths, lavatories and other ameliorations will prove of great immediate value.

The Commission has the power of condemning buildings unfit for human habitation, and this authority used with discretion and firmness, may be productive of much good. Altogether the Commissions' work, if well done, promises well for the public health and for the comfort and safety of the tenement-house population.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

It is evident that some means ought to be taken for the public protection, to prevent the manslaughter of unfortunate beings in the police stations and hospitals of the city.

John Hazak, aged seventy-two years, living with his son-in-law in East One Hundred and Sixth street, disappeared from his home last Sunday. He had an Odd Fellows' card in his pocket containing his name and address.

Yesterday his daughter went to Bellevue to see the body of an unknown man killed on the Elevated Railroad. In the Morgue she came suddenly on the corpse of her father in a patient who had died in the alcoholic ward.

It turned out that Mr. Hazak, who was not a drinking man, had been found on Sunday night dazed in the streets, and had been taken to a police station and thence to Bellevue, where he had been treated for alcoholism. No one had taken the trouble to read the card telling his name and address. He died of apoplexy.

Daniel Reilly died on Blackwell's Island last Saturday. He had been found "intoxicated," as the charge said, in the streets, and was "sent up" for five days. When he got to the island the doctors concluded he was suffering from an extended debauch, and put him in a padded cell. There he went into convulsions and died.

It is now discovered that his skull was fractured at the base; that he had been all the time suffering from the effect of the injury, and had not been drinking at all.

What is the trouble? Are the doctors idiots? Are the police both careless and ignorant? Is there no protection for the public, and are men unfortunate enough to be stricken by sickness or injured by accident in the public streets to be cast into station-houses and padded cells and left there to die without help?

RAPID TRANSIT ON MARS.

There has been a good deal of speculation about the planet Mars in recent years, and it would not be rash to intimate that savants and scientists with alert ideas and large telescopes are sitting up nights studying the face of the orb and trying to find out whether it has an atmosphere, a hoi polloi, a republican form of government and other things like those we possess, and in which we take great planetary pride.

The same savants are endeavoring to discover the meaning of the parallel lines that are seen on Mars, and that Schiaparelli and others think represent a system of canals. They will learn later on, probably, when they know a little more about circum-solar affairs, that the black lines on Mars's surface are rapid transit roads—elevated or depressed—and that they fill a long-felt want in a long-desired way.

When Marseographic communication with us is established, perhaps more light will be thrown on this subject, but we would not advise our Rapid Transit Commissioners to hold back until then.

A NUT FOR M'KINLEY TO CRACK.

BY NEW YORK EDITORS.

"The Indian police force of Alaska," says the Governor in his official report to the Interior Department, "consists of two chiefs" (a double-headed, if not bi-partisan body) "and nineteen privates." * * * They are Indians, too, these Alaska policemen, whom we feel bound to admire, not of the Tammany kind. * * * Let New York take a lesson from Alaska the population of which is increasing.—The Sun.

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District-Attorney Fellows says in reply to his accusers that he "is armed with honesty." Col. Fellows ought to know that it is against the law to carry a concealed weapon.—The Press.

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The managers of the Elevated roads have had their eyes opened to the fact that what is best for the travelling public is also best for the carrying corporation. * * * While they are in the mood of making improvements they will do well to light their cars better at night.—The Herald.

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Something may be done, and might have been done long ago, by a wide-awake and public-spirited management to render the Elevated railroads more efficient but the limit of improvement is so plainly discernible and so close at hand that it only emphizes the need of new and greater facilities.—The Times.

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The Elevated railroad management has at last been compelled to do something for the relief of the suffering travelling public whom it has been so long packing like so many sheep into its unclean, ill-lighted and, as a rule, generally nasty conveyances. * * * The people are bringing the great Gould monopoly to terms, and it is about time.—The Recorder.

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Indeed there is even yet no apparent intention on the part of the managers of the Elevated roads to institute a thorough reformation such as the whole system needs to undergo. * * * While the cable cars are admirably lighted at night, so that one may read with ease in them wherever he happens to be seated, those who try to alleviate in that way the misery of a night trip on the Elevated roads do so at the risk of ruining their eyes.—The Tribune.

IN EDITORIAL PHRASE.

Asking Too Much of Reed.

Will Tom Reed count out three Louisiana Democrats in order to accommodate the McKinley boom? We rather guess not.—Washington Post.

The Out-of-Date Turk.

The Turk is at the best an anachronism in Europe, but more than ever when he despoils, and plunders, and tortures and slays with a barbarity that would shame the wild beast or the savage.—Philadelphia Record.

Flower and Home Rule.

Gov. Flower's assertions of regard for local self-government would make more impression if he had not trampled it often in the interest of political machines.—Syracuse Standard.

Remember the Christmas-Tree Fund

If we expect to improve the morals of coming generations we must begin with the children, and if toys, picture books and playthings are beneficial anywhere they certainly will be among the children of the poor.—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

APROPOS OF THE OPERA.

Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease
And make despair and madness please;
Our joys below it can improve
And antedate the bliss above;
This, the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praised confined the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire
The immortal pow'rs incline their ear;
Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels learn from Heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater pow'r is giv'n;
His numbers raised a shade from Hell,
Hers lift the soul to Heav'n.

ALEXANDER POPE.

"A WOMAN'S SILENCE."

There was a new Sardou play at the Lyceum Theatre last night—a work said to have been written expressly for Mr. Frohman's company, and one that would not be accepted in France. We had a "Sardou play" at this house before when "Americans Abroad" was done. This play was so monstrously bad that I doubted at the time if Sardou ever saw it. It was announced with considerable zest that it was to be produced in Paris under the title of "Les Riches"—but Paris has never seen it to this day, and probably never will. Sardou keeps a large staff of secretaries—themselves literary men.

"A Woman's Silence," the latest American Sardou play, is, however, far worthier than "Americans Abroad." It bears evidence of acute Sardou-ism in many places; its story is cleverly told, a la "Diplomacy," and some of its episodes are very deft. The structure, however, imposing enough architecturally, is built upon a flimsy foundation—a foundation that threatens persistently to topple it over. In fact, it looks very much as though the theme of the play had been suggested by one of the secretaries—a gentleman, perhaps, who has visited America to catch a glimpse of Niagara—and worked out by Sardou himself. Certainly, the development of the play is most masterful.

The woman, however—it is the woman who spoils all. She is such an incorrigible fool of a person. She is one of those irritating heroines who languish and bleat perpetually, "I love you, but I can never be yours." Her silence is incomprehensible. When she was in Calcutta she had a wild scapegrace of a brother who gambled and drank and dissipated generally. One night he lost a heavy sum of money to Sir Arthur Greyson, a gentleman who had proposed to Dorothea. The brother, in his maudlin anger, whipped out a revolver and followed Greyson through the house until they reached Dorothea's room. When in that apartment he shot Sir Arthur and wounded him. In the subsequent trial he was exonerated because he lyingly testified that he had shot the man because he had found him with Dorothea at night. Dorothea, in order to save this precious scamp, testified to the same thing, and sacrificed her reputation for chastity.

All this is told, and not acted. In the play we find Dorothea at Bellagio, silent and alone. The Comte de Vigny has fallen in love with her, but she will not be his. She is such an absurd person that you are not surprised at anything she does. She could set everything right with a word, but she doesn't—and there would be no play if she did. She doesn't even tell the audience her trouble until the second act, when she meets Greyson, who didn't die, and who is a contemptible cur. He shows the Comte Dorothea's testimony in the Calcutta paper, and the Comte is forced to believe it. The last act is rather cheap. Greyson drinks a cup of poisoned tea—tea a la digitalis—that Dorothea had prepared for herself, and she is accused of the crime for five minutes. Her little cousin comes in and declares that it was she who poured out the tea; Dorothea's character is cleared by the confession of her dying brother, and the play ends. It is so inconsistent and impossible, that, clever and Sardou-esque as are the complications, it can scarcely be accepted. The last act is such a tawdry, sensational thing that it moves one to mirth rather than to any other emotion.

The cast was chiefly interesting by reason of the first appearance of Stephen Grattan, an unknown young man who made a big and remarkable hit. His work was admirable in its sincerity, its magnetism and its direct appeal. In the big scene with Kelcey, Mr. Grattan took away the honors, and showed most vividly the lamentable weakness of the leading man. Mr. Kelcey has never done anything worse than this Comte de Vigny. He was ridiculously hysterical, unmanly, and unconvincing. In fact he ruined the second act, which called for a strong, irresistible actor. Kelcey must return to his trousers and pretty neckties, and dummy roles. Miss Cayvan was not successful as Dorothea, but a far better actress than she is would have failed in such a part. W. J. Le Moyne had little to do, but he did it well. Miss Adrienne Dairolles, formerly with the Kendals, contributed a very clever and earnest piece of work as a sort of diluted adventuress. The other roles were mere thinking parts. "A Woman's Silence" was prettily staged.

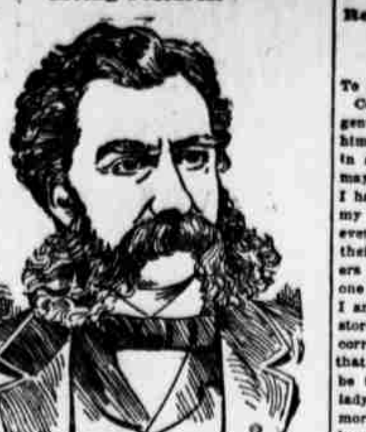
ALAN DALE.

"EVENING WORLD" GAZETTEER.

IX.—American Cities—Kansas City.

Why there should be a Kansas City in a Missouri State is one of those things no enterprising foreigner would readily understand. Fortunately, it would be none of his business. The city is there, and that settles it. On the bank of the Missouri River Kansas City stands, facing the State of Ingalls and Peffer, just across the stream, with a sort of complacent "Here's-looking-at-you" air. Kansas City has grown fast within recent years, despite the drawback of a real estate inflation which ended in a heavy collapse. The city was originally laid out in 1830. There were men who wanted to lay it out again, after the bursting of the "boom." The larger part of Kansas City stands on a high bluff, beneath which is the Union Depot. This gives the town the appearance of looking down on the railroads, when, as a matter of fact, the railroads had the most to do with the town's looking up. There is much stir in the streets of Kansas City, and though a good deal of it is due to high winds and fine dust, there is real business push in evidence. Outside the stories of its real estate agents, the town doesn't go much on manufactures. It makes a few things like type and lightning rods. Apropos of the latter, it hopes some day to be struck by metropolitan lightning. Packing meats and stuffing credulous investors have been the great industries among Kansas City men. There is also a Kansas City in Kansas. When a man has smashed a few ordinances on the Missouri side he can run across to the other K. City, and pile insult on insult by making faces at the police. It takes a great deal of extradition and other things to get him back, and the process is so discouraging that it isn't always tried.

"The Evening World's" Gallery of Living Pictures.



ALEXANDER E. ORR.

This is a picture of an able and intelligent man who has worked his way up from the Produce Exchange to the Chamber of Commerce, and now is able to preside at dinners at Delmonico's and talk shop with statesmen and financiers.

THE GLEANER'S BUDGET.

Gossip Here, a Hint There and True Tales of City Life.

Although it may be that few people would suspect it, Recorder-elect John W. Goff is an enthusiastic bicyclist. He told me recently that he took up the sport several years ago and learned to ride the wheel, but he had the misfortune to own one of the heavy old-fashioned machines, which made cycling more work than play, and it rather discouraged him. This season, however, he provided himself with a "scorcher" of the latest pattern, and during the Summer and early Autum frequenters of Riverside Drive often wondered who the handsome, gray-whiskered gentleman was, who dashed so gaily up and down the smooth roadway in the cool of the morning. They failed to recognize the distinguished lawyer in his cap and knickerbockers. Imagine Recorder Smyth on a wheel!

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William O. Inglis, journalist, humorist, oarsman and, generally speaking, one of the best of good fellows, has also become a devotee of the wheel. He is now wholly interested in sprockets and gears, and is making a special study of hill-climbing. Residents of the suburban districts, who see him tearing along the country roads at lightning speed, already point him out as a coming rival of Zimmerman and Wheeler, and local century riders hesitate before giving him a brush. The only thing that can now bring him down to a moderate pace is an overheated axle or the sight of one of those fascinating trouser arrangements worn by a pretty "bicyclettiste," as they say at Paris.

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New Jersey has an enterprising Governor who is not above going about the State and personally investigating the grievances of the people. It must have surprised the quarrymen over on the Palisades when he visited the scene of their devastations yesterday and expressed his strong disapproval of the work of destruction which is now in progress there. He says that the blasting must stop, and this from a Jersey Governor means business.

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Weary Waggles should be much impressed with the new Elevated Railway transfer system, by which the trip down either side of Manhattan and up the other side can be made for one fare. "Say, I'm dead stuck on it," one can hear him soliloquize. "I pays me nickel at a Hun'red an' Fifty-fit' street, and I gets in and snoozes to de end of de odder road, wid only one wake-up at Sout' Ferry, to change cars. Say, it beats de trampin' in dis wedder. How do I get de nickel? Well, I saves it out'n me income, if yer must know. See?

THE GLEANER.

The Man Who Won't Resign to Please the People.

As sung by Col. F-ll-ws.

(Air: "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo.")

I've just received a letter from the Seventy elect;
I have read it o'er and o'er,
And it makes my spirit sore;
For my "simple Christian" life has been so truly circumspect,
That the Seventy's suspicions I deplore—
Yes, I feel their interference is a bore.

CHORUS.

As I walk into my office, with an independent air,
You can hear them all declare,
"Oh, the Colonel still is there!"
You can hear them cry,
With faces wry,
You can hear them say as I go by,
"He's the man who won't resign to please the Peo-ple!"

When I'm at home on rainy days in simple dressing gown,
Those who in the Tombs abide
Wonder why they've not been tried;
But when the sun is out they say, "The Colonel has come down—
Now out upon straw bail we'll quickly slide—
Yes, with Jaehne's help, from justice we will glide."

CHORUS.

As I walk into my office, with an independent air,
With a grin they all declare,
"Whoop! the Colonel still is there!"
You can hear them cry,
With faces sly,
You can see them wink the other eye
At the man who won't resign to please the Peo-ple.

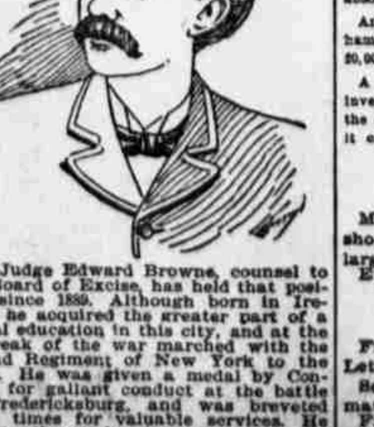
I've always had for Tammany a smile that's most benign;
With a little legal twist,
Indictments I've dismissed;
But now, with base ingratitude, they ask me to resign—
Oh, upon my resignation they insist,
With a unanimity I can't resist.

CHORUS.

As I walk into my office, with an independent air,
You can hear the Sachems swear,
"Oh, the Colonel still is there!"
You can hear them cry,
And rudely guy,
And yell at me as I go by,
"He's the man who won't resign to please the Peo-ple!"

L. X. X.

MEN WHO HAVE GOT TO GO.



Ex-Judge Edward Browne, counsel to the Board of Excise, has held that position since 1889. Although born in Ireland, he acquired the greater part of a liberal education in this city, and at the outbreak of the war marched with the Second Regiment of New York to the front. He was given a medal by Congress for gallant conduct at the battle of Fredericksburg, and was breveted three times for valuable services. He rose to the rank of captain. He was elected Judge of the City Court in 1883, but resigned some time later.

RIDING IN JAMMED CARS.

Remarks Concerning Comfort and Courtesy When Seats Are at a Premium.

To the Editor:

Col. Fitznoodle, whoever he may be, is no gentleman. It is the duty of any man who calls himself a gentleman, under all circumstances and in all cases, to resign his seat to any lady who may enter any vehicle in which he may be seated. I have occasion frequently to go shopping, and on my return I board an elevated train and find every seat occupied by men, some, judging from their dress and general appearance gentlemen, others simply workingmen. It is seldom indeed that one has the courtesy to offer me a seat, though I am tired to exhaustion journeying from store to store during two or three long hours. One of your correspondents, "Carlos Dorinth," seems to think that only old women and women with babies should be treated courteously. This is absurd. I am a lady and entitled to be treated as such, even more than a common woman, though she be old or carry a baby. Old women and women with babies should not frequent public conveyances. They should travel in cabs or should stay at home.

MARGUERITE S. J.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

No Seats for Poor Folks.

To the Editor:

A passenger on the "L" road has a very poor show for a seat now at any time. I have been a steady patron of the Second Avenue "L" road for the last four years. My ride is short, from Forty-second to Ninety-second street every evening between 9 and 9.30, but within the last two weeks I have failed to secure a seat at that hour. I spoke to the conductor one evening about more cars. He said: "Cutting expenses; the superintendent don't care about this line anyway; the cars taken off the other lines are all in service again, but three cars are plenty for Second avenue. Now, I would like to inquire through your valuable paper if the poor people's money is not as good to that corporation as the millionaires travelling on the crack Sixth avenue line?

A CONSTANT READER.

New York, Oct. 20.

No Light for the Sit-Downs.

To the Editor:

I wish to speak of the habit which some of the people have who are unfortunate enough to be obliged to remain standing in the elevated trains. How many times do we see men who stand in the aisle on evening trains, spread their newspaper out to its full capacity, thus shutting the light off from those who are seated and wish to read their own papers. I cannot think that the men and women of New York lack the politeness which characterizes them throughout the world, but think that it is merely thoughtlessness on their part, and of which they should be reminded.

L. M. W.

One "Sardine's" Experience.

To the Editor:

Why cannot, or will not, the "L" road run all trains on the Ninth avenue line through after 1 o'clock. Yesterday I took a train leaving Rector street about 2.30 P. M., and, of course, was forced to change cars at Fifty-ninth street to go on to Harlem. That train was well filled, but before a Sixth avenue train came along, another Ninth avenue train came in and dumped—that's the right word—its well-filled train upon the platform, crowding it to excess. But here comes a Sixth avenue train and relief? Not so! When that train reached us we found it filled, and very many standing, but nevertheless those in a hurry had to get on; and talk about the traditional "sardine" or "cattle cars," they simply "weren't in it." The train and platforms of the cars were so full that the guard could with difficulty shut the gates. Is it any wonder that the people voted for rapid transit? For the management of the "L" is an outrage upon its patrons.

EDWARD CONE.

GOOD WORDS AT A GOOD DINNER.

By President Orr.

Believe me, it is selfishness that largely lies at the root of all this (political and industrial) evil; the love of power, the love of gain, the love of ease, this egoism on the part of the classes more than the masses, which dulls and deadens our senses to the sacred rights and duties of the franchise and too often throws nominating power and therefore the controlling power into the hands of demagogues and place-hunters, whose only object is to acquire money in some way without honest labor, or to perpetual partisan political power for selfish ends, without any concern whatever for the important—the vital—interests confided to their care.

By Charles Stewart Smith.

The Mayor-elect has promised us a government administered on business principles. I know Col. Strong and I know that his word is as good as his bond.

Several things however, are essential.

First—The Mayor must have the power of removal and appointment of all heads of departments.

Second—The Police Department must be divorced from political influences as much as the regular army, and this can only be done with a single head. The Chamber of Commerce is committed to this principle by a unanimous vote.

Third—Ballot reform. The Committee of Seventy has caused the Meyers voting machine to be exhibited in this city. It will be thoroughly tested, and I believe it will settle this question satisfactorily to all honest men. We shall invite you to examine it carefully.

Fourth—We must apply the present civil-service rules to all subordinates employed by the city, and get them extended and modified, if necessary.

Fifth—The day laborers should have equal chance for employment, by registering in books open to the public, and secure employment in turn, and not depend upon the favor of office-holders of political pulls.

By Rev. Dr. Storrs.

Civilization, of course, in anything but the crudest form, implies more than money, more than machines. It implies more than diversified and rewarded industries even, or a prosperous commerce, or harnessed water courses, or lands that are echoing with the roll of trains, or seas that are travelled by ships, or splendid cities fronting a world governed with wealth and brilliant with fame. It implies just legislation, pure politics, a social and domestic life that is rich and rewarding. It implies a distributed culture, and high moral ideas generally accepted. It implies the sympathies of communities knit together, and emphasizes the faith which keeps men face to face with the things unseen.

WORLDLINGS.

Bone needles, very delicately made, have been found in the remains of the Swiss lake dwellings.

A lighthouse lens of the first order costs as much as $8,000. Such a lens is six feet in diameter.

The grandfather of the Rothschilds, whose combined fortunes is estimated at $2,000,000,000, was absolutely poor in 1800.

Among other things the factories of Birmingham, England, produce 100,000,000 buttons and 20,000 pairs of spectacles every week.

A kind of paper indestructible by fire is the invention of a Parisian. After being subjected to the severe heat of a potter's furnace for 148 hours it came out intact.

A Natural Phenomenon.

(From Illustrated Bits.)

Maude—Yes, I am obliged to have my shoes made to order. My left foot is larger than the right.

Ethel—Is it possible?

Equal to All Occasions.

(From the New York Weekly.)

First Tramp—That farmer druv us off. Let's burn down his barn.

Second Tramp—All right. Got any matches?

First Tramp—No.

Second Tramp—Well, th' farmer is over on the other side o' th' house. Go ask him for a couple.

Tan-Colored Zibeline.

This is a charming gown for afternoon wear in the Autumn or early Winter. It is made in tan-colored zibeline

cloth, with waved black stripes, the skirt being cut in panels in quite a novel fashion. These panels are ornamented very handsomely with jetted passementerie, and are cut open for a little distance near the hem, here and there, to show an underskirt of black velvet. The bodice of this gown is wonderfully becoming, with its deep corselet covered entirely with jet and its huge sleeves of black velvet.

Drumsticks of Fowls.

A hint to housekeepers where chickens are to be cooked: Do not put them before the fire without first removing the tendons of the legs or drumsticks. To do this, cut the skin at the joint where the foot unites with the drumstick and twist the two pieces a little to bring out the white tendons. There are a few in front and a large bunch at the back of the legs inclosed in a thin layer of musclelike membrane that makes them look like one large muscle. Scrape off the thick layer and divide the tendon into its small parts, and they may be drawn out, one by one, by passing a skewer under them and pulling vigorously. The despised drumstick is now a dainty piece of dark but tender meat, which may even be breaded and cooked by itself as a specially choice dish in various ways. Even where it is served with other cuts, fricassee, stew, roast or broil, the sinews should always be removed.

Without a Servant.

In a small home where pennies count and life's problem seems difficult to solve, with an ailing woman to do the housework of the family and no room for a girl, the most economical thing to do is to hire the washing and ironing done out of the house. When you come to count the pay and board for service of a girl who must always be looked for, it amounts to a great deal, but when you pay $1.50 a week for the laundering of the clothes and have it done out of the house the worst of the work is done, and no worry to you and no great cost. Even if you have to pay 50 cents more to get a woman to come and do the sweeping and scrubbing once a week, you come off winner.

Chicken and Macaroni.

Boil a chicken very tender, take from the bones and pick very fine. Boil one-half pound of macaroni until tender, but keep whole, then cut into pieces one inch long. Butter a two-quart charlotte russe tin, and line with the pieces of macaroni; put in a layer of chicken, seasoned with the liquor boiled down, salt, pepper and a very little butter; then a layer of macaroni, and so on until the dish is full. Pour a small cupful of cream over the whole, and bake for half an hour. If the oven is right, it will be solid enough to turn out upon a plate.

Baked Pears.

Cut the blossom end of the pear with a sharp penknife. Put in a large pudding dish and pour a cupful of hot water over them, covering closely. Place in a hot oven and steam until tender. After taking from oven, pour the juice over them several times while cooling, then place on ice until ready for use. Place carefully in glass dish, and serve with powdered sugar and whipped cream.

German Apple Soup.

In two quarts of water put two tablespoonfuls of washed rice, a teaspoonful of salt, and six tart apples cut fine but not peeled. After cooking for half an hour, rub through a sieve, then return to the fire, adding half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, a cupful of sugar and a handful of finely cut citron. Boil again for three minutes, when it is ready to serve.

Spiced Pears.

Take nine pounds of ripe pears, leaving stems and skins on, if not too tough. Put five pounds of granulated sugar and a pint of vinegar in the preserving kettle, with a teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and mace tied in thin muslin bags. When the syrup is nicely cooked, throw in pears a few at a time, so as to keep them whole. When clear, remove with simmer and put in others. Pack the pears in cans, boil the syrup until rich and thick; pour over pears and seal.

Cocoa Before Breakfast.

The woman who is awakened by the first streak of dawn will do well to drink a hot cup of cocoa, if many hours are to elapse before breakfast is served. Cocoa furnishes both food and drink, and is easily digested by most people. It will relieve any faint feeling, and give one the necessary strength to dress. The cocoa may be made the night before and can be heated in three minutes over an alcohol lamp. If the cocoa is made with fresh milk it will keep perfectly over night.

LETTERS.

[This column is open to everybody who has a complaint to make, a grievance to ventilate, information to give, a subject of general interest to discuss or a public service to acknowledge, and who can put the idea into less than 100 words. Long letters cannot be printed.]

Cold Facts About Tenementism.

To the Editor:

Rev. William S. Rainsford, rector of St. George's, is well known and highly honored. At the Episcopal Church Congress, in Boston, he has been telling some cold facts about our tenement-houses, about the rents, and about the landlords. It looks like the Pullman case again, on a very large scale. Dr. Rainsford would be a valuable witness to appear before our Tenement-House Commission. If this Commission is not afraid to speak out, its report will be a terrible blow to the good people who think that things in general are about right. It is a good thing to startle the public sometimes, and a thorough exposure of the rapacity of rack-renting landlords and of the vicious system of lying assessments and fraudulent undervaluations under which they wax fat, will be startling when it comes. It should come! "The Evening World" ought to be on the side of the people and raise an outcry against the Department of Taxes as effective as the one it raised against the police.

BARNWELL.

His Mother.

To the Editor:

"All goodness, all love,
In one person crowned;
All devotion, all kindness,
The whole year 'round;
A pearl, a diamond,
In a setting called home;
A star, a guide,
Where 'ere you may roam."

Thus spoke the young man
With eyes filled to the brim,
Don't know whom I mean?
And he looked at the other
Why! "God bless her man"
That's my own "mother."

B. J. H.

An Advanced Girl's Suggestion.

To the Editor:

A young girl is very desirous of studying medicine, but is engaged between the hours of 9 and 5 each day except Saturday and cannot as yet afford to give up her position. Would it not be a good investment for some wealthy lady who has surplus money with which she does not know exactly what to do to lend sufficient to carry a less fortunate sister through a three-year course in her chosen profession, so that she would not be any pecuniary loss to her family? The money would be returned with interest when she becomes established in her profession.

MEDICINE.

The "God-Fearing" Patrolman.

To the Editor:

I have often noticed how quick you have always been to espouse the cause of the oppressed, and how persistent your paper has been to right an injustice and to see that those entitled to justice received the same; and every time your efforts have been crowned with success. Of late I have been wondering why it was that you had nothing to say in behalf of the patrolmen of the police force of the city. If there ever was a body of men accused unjustly, it is they. It is only a few months ago that the daily press of this city could not say enough in praise of the good conduct, heroism and respectibility of the "Finest," and a man was proud to wear a uniform of blue. But now all is changed. And why? A Senate Investigating Committee comes here and after being in session discovers that eight or nine of the thirty-seven police captains are corrupt that perhaps thirty-five or fifty of the favorites of the above have been just as guilty, and at once the remaining 3,500 or more men are accused of being dishonest corrupt and unfit for their positions, and a clamor arises from some of the reformers for the removal of all. We read in ancient history how monarchs and rulers of the Old World in their mad race for power and riches destroyed the innocent as well as the guilty, and we have been taught as children to despise such methods, but in the glorious city of New York, which contains more wisdom and intelligence than any other in the world, the same methods have been and are being agitated by some estimable gentlemen. Is this Christianity? Is this justice? In the name of common sense, what have the men assigned to the different precincts of the city to do with the management of the force. A patrolman reports to his superior and has to obey orders unless they conflict with the law (and I have failed as yet to find a superior that ever has or would ever dare issue such an order)· if he refuses he is tried before the Commissioners, and on conviction of insubordination is dismissed. The majority of our men are honest, intelligent, God-fearing men, and why they should be classed with those that are corrupt and be victims of circumstances is a reasoning they cannot understand.

PATROLMAN.

Labor, Land Values and Money.

To the Editor:

One word, if allowable, with Mr. Stark. I understand that you are a single-taxer. If so, for the sake of that cause which we all love, and for the sake of the reputation for thoughtfulness and clearsightedness now held by the followers of that cause, do not air your sentiments on the money question so freely if you would have men convinced of the soundness of the single tax. One of the first steps in an argument on single tax is to convince your opponent that all values (except the value of land) are based upon labor. Anything lying on the surface is of less value than something of the same character lying fifty feet beneath the surface, for it takes less labor to produce it. Now, money is simply a basis of exchange value, used for convenience. Money which takes comparatively no labor to produce is valueless as a circulating medium. Take paper, for instance, at its face value. Does it make any difference whether it has the Government's stamp upon it or not, so long as it represents nothing more tangible? All money should be based upon the cost (in labor) of producing it. Imagine, for instance, a man paying his taxes in paper which represented nothing but paper at its productive value. Why, every time he wanted to pay his taxes he would be forced to hire a truck. Gold is the one thing in history which has not fluctuated violently in quantity (and therefore in price), and is, therefore, the best basis for exchange value, for it takes much labor to produce a small amount. Silver might be used as a subsidiary coin on account of its convenience, in 50 cent pieces, quarters, dimes and nickels, but greenbacks, based upon no labor value whatever, never.

X. Y. Z., Westchester, N. Y.

Women as Letter-Carriers.

To the Editor:

I read with interest of the various employments open to women, and how they are rapidly outdoing men in the various branches of industry, &c. Now, I am a girl with a great love for outdoor exercise, and while out daily the thought has often come to me, Why have we no women letter-carriers? I am sure they would, if given positions in the city Post-Office, do their work better than most of the men employed as carriers, and then many poor girls and women, who now sit bent day after day over sewing or other work, would derive great benefit if given places as carriers in the city Post-Office. Besides getting outdoor exercise and benefiting themselves, they would at the same time save the city a great deal, for they would not command such high salaries as do the men. Of course, I don't mean to say put all the men out of employment, but if the Post-Office must have more carriers, let them be women. I for one would jump at the chance of being a carrier, for I do love to be out in all kinds of weather.

MARY C. EATON.

For Falling-Out Hair.

To the Editor:

For the young lady who desires a remedy for falling-out and discolored hair: One ounce of glycerine, one ounce bay rum, and one pint of strong sage tea mixed thoroughly. It is excellent.

B. B.